

NEWFOUNDLAND -

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General's Visit

September 19.

WAR

CRY



VOL. X. No. 49. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, SEPT. 8, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



GLIMPSES OF THE RESCUE WORK.

The Army in Canada and Newfoundland has now eight Rescue Homes, similar to the sketch of the one on this page, everyone of which are like the pierced hand of our loving Christ, stretched out in tender pity to the fallen of earth's daughters. Officers, with Mrs. Commandant Booth at the head, are the ministering spirits in these Homes, who, searching amongst the world's moral debris, find out the shattered fragments of once chaste characters, and through the

(Continued on page 2.)



THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA

THE FIERY MONSTER.

Cows eat 276 different kinds of grass but 218 are unfit to be touched by even a cow. Goats use 449 and leave 126 untouched. Sheep takes 387 and leave 118 untouched. The horse takes 262, and will not eat 212. We see how a bountiful Creator has made it possible for all kinds of food products to be utilized.

Mrs. Booth AT PETROLIA.

A stranger coming into the town on the G.T.R., ignorant of the chief business of enterprising, flourishing Petrolia, and unaware of the method by which oil is extracted from the bowels of the earth, on an average, at 475 feet, to the tune of 3,600 barrels per day, would wonder what was the meaning of that mighty array of derricks, which in the town and its vicinity, numbers 7,000, covering, as they do, as many wells, everyone of which has three sets of piping, measuring about 1,200 feet. It would take too much time and space to describe in detail this great oil industry; but as Mrs. Booth said in her meeting on Sunday afternoon, "I have heard that the people of Petrolia have large hearts, and I suppose that the abundance of oil around contributes to your large-heartedness;" and seeing that the nature and extent of commerce, more or less, affects the character of a community, the following brief outline may help the readers of this report, all the better to understand how the flag of "Blood-and-fire" has gotten such a hold of the population of the land of oil, we may state that the wells having been sunk, as in one case, 1,600 feet, are fixed up with pumps, which are worked by engines, each working from six to 120 pumps. Huge tanks are constructed at convenient centres, into which from each well is fixed a pipe, through which the black oil is conveyed to the tank. One tank holds 11,000 barrels, is sixty feet deep, and measures thirty-two feet across the top. At each tank is a syphon, which extracts the oil from the water. After undergoing sundry refining processes, the raw, black oil is converted into the water-white, pine white, and standard white burning oils of commerce which are made with their different grades and gravities, under the well-known brands of "Oleopieria," "Crescent," "Ocean," headline oil for Government Lighthouses, "Silver Star," "Atlantic," "Royal Safety," etc.

After the illuminating oil has been extracted, the stills furnish gasoline, kerosene, naphtha, gas engine, steamboat and yacht engine oils.

The next product is gas oil, then follow fuel oils, so useful for mechanical and industrial arts, such as smelting, welding, smelting, or other purposes where forces are used, and uniform heat at high temperatures is needed.

Then there is tar and coke, and even chewing gum and wax candles, extracted from the same black oil, as is used to make wagon grease.

The various oils, etc., are sent all over the Dominion, and it is estimated that the oil industry gives employment to 25,000 men in the different stages of its journey, from the well to the consumer.

To the men that the Salvation Army are after. We seek to save them, and with a view to furnish a better, brighter, purer and lasting oil had been announced. Scores of the men have good reason to praise God for the advent of the Salvation Army to the Oil City.

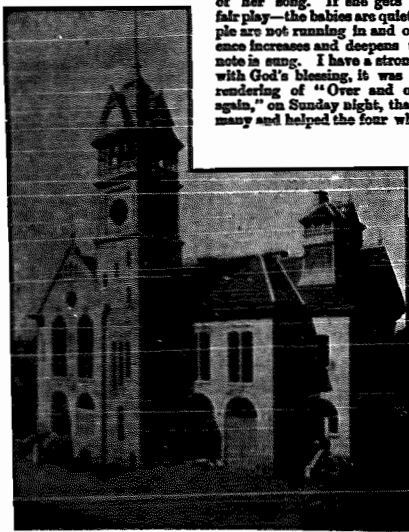
Mrs. Booth was weary when she arrived at the Petrolia depot on Saturday night, but she had the Strathroy Salvationists, knowing her success at raising finances, hurried upon her and secured her energetic efforts to help wipe off their debt. Mrs. Booth had, therefore, put in the day at unwearying, and had raised \$26.75 apart from the proceeds of the previous night's meeting.

A large wagon, drawn by a span of old soldiers' horses, driven and accompanied by Salvationists, with drums, tambours, and brass, had been round town. At the rear end of the wagon was placed an announcement on either side which read, "Petrolia extends to you a cordial welcome." "Grand reception to Mrs. Booth at G.T.R. depot at 8:30 to-night." These, however, were not the only announcements which had been made. The papers had kindly noticed us and had done well. From the pulpit of the various churches the news had gone forth. 100 posters had filled the buildings; four large handbills, striking steel, with a cut of Mrs. Booth in the centre, had been, strikingly, if not artistically, arranged and placed in the most conspicuous

positions in town, besides other local means; consequently a huge crowd had congregated to welcome the distinguished Salvation Army woman-warrior.

The train whistle screams. "She's coming" murmurs the expectant crowd, as restlessly many of them scatter from the open-air bombardment which has been going on since 7:45. They press together—a motley crowd, up to and on the platform, till the writer found it very difficult to get anywhere near the spot where the car which is bringing Mrs. Booth would stop.

A relief passes over the throng as the first "poke bonnet" appears from the car door, beneath which was the ever-smiling and cheerful countenance of Mrs. Booth.



VICTORIA HALL, Petrolia.

A comrade from the country chimes in, "I wouldn't have missed this treat for a dollar; I'll be there to-morrow if I have to walk it." The crowd courteously makes way for Mrs. Booth to get to the band wagon, which she enters in company with the Provincial Secretary and Dr. Lechford, who, after a few greetings had sent the air, proceeds to read the following address, in the absence of Mayor Grant, who had been unavoidably detained:—

PETROLIA, August, 1901.

To Her Commandant Booth:

DEAR MRS. BOOTH, It affords us great pleasure to extend to you a real hearty welcome on the occasion of your first visit to our town, and trust that your short stay will be pleasant and profitable to you and to us. We are not unacquainted with the prominent part you have taken and the valuable services you have rendered to the cause of Christianity during your stay in Canada. The deep interest you have taken in humanity is plainly to be seen. The children's shelter shows your love for the streets and walls; the Bazaar shows your sympathy with the fallen and the Leagues of Mercy your great desire to cheer, bless, and save the sick and imprisoned. To wish you to convey to your husband, Commandant Booth, our appreciation of his efforts for the welfare of mankind, and a pressing invitation to visit our town. We look forward with rapturous pleasure to the visit of General Booth to Canada, and we are prepared to give him a most enthusiastic welcome. Trusting your visit to Petrolia will accomplish much good.

Yours sincerely yours,

A. GIBBS,
J. W. GARNER, JR.,
JOHN SCOTT,
J. H. FAIRBANK,
JOHN PARRER.

'Charlie' said to Mrs. Booth next day: "I was four and a-half miles in the country last night, but I heard the racket at the station and said to my friends, 'Mrs. Booth has just arrived.'"

The P. S. apologized for Mrs. Booth, and asked the audience to excuse her making a long speech in order that she might be able to do something like justice on the morrow. Mrs. Booth, having had a word, which was evidently appreciated, the meeting was closed.

The fine Victoria Hall was well filled on Sunday afternoon and night with representative audiences.

"There are two millionaires and two M. P.'s in the building," whispered someone in my ear at a certain stage of the day's fight. The atmosphere was hot and oppressive. Mrs. Booth was in anything but good condition, physically speaking, but she got there just the same. Her illustrations took hold, her talk was entertaining and instructive. The crowd was held, and evidently convinced, for Mrs. Booth doesn't believe in wearing her audience, so she calls on a few of the Army children to tell what God has done for them through its agency.

Brother Agnew had "sowed his wild oats" in Petrolia, but it was the Army who had reaped him.

Sergeant Hollingshead had not been inside a church for fifteen years, and had been a "terror" at the drink, and nothing less to his wife and family, till through the Army he, too, had got sobered and saved. Several others followed on similar strains.

While Mrs. Booth does not tire the people with long speeches she gives out sufficient truth to take effect and makes one feel like the woman said as she came out of the night meeting. "I did like her; I could have sat and listened to her the whole night long."

But it's when she sings that Mrs. Booth makes her mark. An inexpressible influence steals over her audience, as a rule, before she gets through the first two lines of her song. If she gets anything like fair play—the babies are quiet, and the people are not running in and out—said influence increases and deepens until the last note is sung. I have a strong notion that, with God's blessing, it was the beautiful rendering of "Over and over, and over again," on Sunday night, that convicted so many and helped the four who volunteered



ing to a never-ending eternity. All along the shore of time there are shipwrecks; noble lives that once sailed in the deep waters of good society. They have been lured away by false lights, and have become stranded on the rocks of drunkenness and vice. There they lay slowly, but surely, becoming total wrecks, sinking from time into eternity, to share the bitter agony and remorse of a lost soul.

For many months now our light has shone forth. Our crowds have somewhat diminished of late, owing to the depression in the business of this city, but glory to God, amidst it all, she still shines a beacon light, and we can all about victory through the blood.

I find in my short experience here that Montreal, as well as Toronto, is cursed with the drink demon. My heart bleeds, as it were, when I see these poor benighted souls blasted, and almost damned, by the accursed drink.

Do we have meetings here? you ask. Yes. Praise God, He enables us by His divine spirit, not only to look after their temporal wants, but also to attend to that one thing needful, the salvation of their never dying souls.

On Monday night Captain and Mrs. McHarg, with their braves from Pt. St. Charles, were here. Wednesday, about 7:30 p.m., the happy faces of Ensign and Mrs. McLean were to be seen approaching, accompanied by some of their six foot body guards, and I tell you what it is, they can make his majesty, the devil, shiver and shake and wish himself miles away.

How true is the old saying, "In the midst of life we are in death." Just a few days ago this fact was brought home to us very forcibly by an accident that occurred on one of the Allan Line boats. As she was coming to the dock the second quartermaster fell overboard and was carried away by the strong current to be seen no more. Little did he think that morning that he had crossed the Atlantic for the last time, or that the silent waters of the St. Lawrence which carried him to this city, would be bearing back his lifeless body only a few minutes afterwards; gone without a moment's notice to meet his God. Prepared or unprepared, he was forced to go.

Reader, how is it with you? "In such an hour as you think not the Son of Man cometh." You or are you not ready to meet your God?

The majority of the men we have to deal with in our meetings are sailors from the various ships in port. They seem quite at home in our meetings, at times joining lustily in the singing.

Now, dear reader, don't you want to take a part in making these dear souls happy? If you do, help us, and you will help them. How can I do this? you may ask. Well, I will tell you. In the first place, seeing a lot of improvements had to be made in order to make the Joe Boef of the past into the present Joe Boef, a large amount of money had to be expended. Some of this amount, praise God, has already been met, but there still remains quite a sum to be paid. Now, if you really want to help those needing your assistance, help us by sending along a check. Give as the Lord has given unto you. Anything from a cent stamp to a hundred dollar check will be thankfully received and acknowledged. Send it along to Captain George Fox and I give you my word he won't say no. As for our ever smiling cashier he will be only too glad to receive the same. Help us—help the drunkard.

E. CHAFFIN, Lieut.

"With the last sheaves return the laboring vains!" All things are symbols: the external shows Of Nature have their image in the mind—As flowers and fruits, and falling of the leaves; The song-birds leave us at the summer's close, And the empty nests are left behind, And plumes of the quail among the sheaves." —LONGFELLOW.

So far as we know, the testimony of all who are clear in the experience and witness of purity, is that it was sought as a distinct blessing, was obtained by letting go of every dependence but Christ, and trusting alone in His cleansing blood, and was received in a moment. Three things were distinct in their experience. First, they were conscious of inward sin after conversion; second, they were convicted of the privilege and duty of being cleansed from it and made pure in heart; third, they sought and obtained a personal and instantaneous cleansing in the blood of Christ. These three items will be found, we believe, in every clear and definite experience of Christian purity.

We came across a young Englishman, the son of a London lawyer, who has written from a sketch and a few words of his life and death, and water, snow-water at that.—RICH. P. O.

GLIMPSES OF THE RESCUE WORK.

(Continued from page 1.)

marvellous commanding power of the Christ-Jesus who are able to restore the weakest of the human race to the heavenly throne of the Divine Father's habitation.

Captain House Saved from Drowning.

Healed by God—Called to Service—Rescuing Souls.

BY CAPTAIN BOOTH, MONTREAL.

THE MONTREAL RESCUE HOME is situated on Fabien Street, a beautiful little street just one block in length, and one block north of St. Catherine Street, which is one of the principal streets of the city. On this little street the Home is almost as renowned as if it were in the suburbs, and yet it is a very central and convenient to merchants and other business places. If the office and similar-room walls of this room could speak, what tales of woe they would disclose, and how they had helped to help suffering people. If the office and similar-room walls of this room could speak, what tales of woe they would disclose, and how they had helped to help suffering people. If the office and similar-room walls of this room could speak, what tales of woe they would disclose, and how they had helped to help suffering people.



THE Editor has asked for some reminiscences of my life, and, though writing these will be somewhat out of my line, I will do my best.

There are two or three scenes that stand out very clearly in my memory.

As a little child I remember sitting in my Sabbath School listening to an earnest lover of children telling of the One Who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." I sometimes see again the row of kneeling, repentant little ones, myself among the number, but with all the earnest desire to be good that I had then I drifted away from Christ, until the memory of that afternoon seemed like some haunting, though sweet, dream.

Again, a child still, I remember running carelessly out on a sheet of ice. On turning to regain the shore the treacherous sheet gave way, and I went down, down beneath the icy waters. A swift thought of mother and father, of God, and a wild desire for life, then a pair of strong arms drew me from the waters to a place of safety. After that for weeks a haunting thought, "If you had died then you would have gone to hell."

Another scene comes to me as I write. I am standing on the brink of that same river with a sad, sad heart, for the waves in the bright June sunlight are dancing and rippling over the lifeless body of my dearly loved brother. As I stood there, and again at the open graveside, I breathed a promise to God I would serve Him and meet my brother in heaven.

As that day is indelibly engraved on my heart and mind, I had been converted some time before in a gospel meeting, but for months had been suffering with some lingering disease, looking forward daily to a speedy release to be with Christ. On this particular Sunday I had been able to attend one meeting in the barracks at Gravenhurst. As night came on, pain and coughing kept me from resting. In the stillness of the night, it seemed to me, I heard a voice say, "Wilt thou be made whole?" and I answered aloud as real did it seem, "Lord, if you will give me my life it shall be Thine alone." Such a peaceful, restful feeling stole over me and I fell asleep, to waken in the morning with new life coursing in my veins. That night I took my first march, and have since taken a good many more.

A few months later I said good-bye to home and went to my first station in Salvation Army work.

In English and French field and Rescue Work I have "since that time been doing all I can to help bring others to Christ. I have seen over nine years of Salvation Army warfare, and am still in love with the dear old Army, its principles and aims, and by God's help will be true to them and to the

promise I made to God, "To be His for ever."

Leaves From My Rescue Book.

Montreal, with its many churches, its magnificent buildings, its lovely parks and green squares, hides beneath its fair face a sea of darkness and misery of which a casual observer would never dream.

In a quiet little street, quite near the busy centre, some years ago, a nice house was rented, fitted up and opened as a Rescue Home, from which there has been put forth constant efforts to rescue some of the poor creatures that have become submerged in this sea of sin and despair.

Many wretched lives have been redeemed from utter destruction; many aching hearts have been comforted; many wayward feet that were travelling the downward path, have been brought into the upward way that leads to life.

From the streets, from the hospitals, from the jails, and the brothels, they have come, and have found a welcome; been housed and loved and prayed for, until many of them have been won from sin to God.

Many a stomach, true friends have stood by the Rescue officers in their labor of love. God has seen and will reward them. He never forgets. Amongst those who have helped, not only by their sympathy and friendly interest, but also in a financial way, thus lifting many a burden from the Metron's shoulders, are some of the first people of the city. Busy business men have been ready to give a word of cheer to the officer who has called to solicit financial help.

Several officers have been in charge of the work here, but my knowledge of the work is confined to the last year, in which time it has made most decided advance. A number of girls have passed through the Home, of which a goodly portion are doing well in their situations to-day.

The name of Eugenie Stewart is honored among all; more than one girl has said to me, "She was the best friend I ever had."

Just one or two cases come to my mind as I write:

The first, a bright, intelligent girl, born of respectable parents in the old country; but alas! they were not teetotalers, and she learned to love the wine cup too well. She came to this country, and for a while kept the mastery over the terrible thirst for drink, but in a moment of weakness again it overcame her, and she was once more a helpless slave. At last, in despair, she came to us, confessing with tears her sin, praying for a chance for salvation. This was gladly given. In the course of a few weeks she came to the One Who alone can deliver from the power of sin, and afterward proved by her life that she had, indeed, passed from death unto life.

To-day she is in a situation, giving satisfaction as a trusted servant. The last time I spoke to her, she said:

"I am so happy, Captain. I do mean to be true to Jesus."

A second case was that of a young girl, who, with her child in her arms, had been seeking a place to shelter herself and her little one; had fainted in a lady's doorway, was brought from there here. We took her in for a time until something could be done (as we have no place for children). Some evening she has given her heart to God, and we have great joy that she will give glory to His name. Who has redeemed her by His blood.

There are only a couple of cases out of many, and not a few of sin and sorrow. No one knows but a Rescue officer how bitter are the heart-aches, how poignant the pangs of sorrow and remorse some of the dear girls carry about covered up in their hearts.

LED TO GOD.

Poor Jessie, how bitter her feelings and heavy her heart, though no one would have suspected it, everybody seemed to eager that cold wintry day to get home, and no one paid any particular attention to the solitary figure who wandered aimlessly along, and yet she needed help so much.

All the afternoon the question had been fading her. "What could she do, what could she do?" Only of one thing she felt certain, and that was, she must leave the town, and must get away somewhere before the awful truth got known. But where could she go? Realizations of her utter loneliness and misery swept over her, and the hot tears chased each other down her cheeks, for in spite of herself visions of her distant Scottish home, with its happy scenes of childhood and loved parents, would stand out before her as though chiding her for her sorrow and shame.

As she turned in the direction of home her eye caught sight of a torn piece of

paper with the words strangely staring her in the face, "Do you want help?"

Mechanically Jessie stooped and picked it up, and read with surprise a brief explanation of Rescue work, and eagerly looked at the small printed illustration of the Toronto Rescue Home.

It was a torn piece of Self-denial paper that somebody had carelessly thrown away, but it brought hope and gladness at once to the poor girl's heart.

Here were friends: here an open door; and instinctively she felt she must get to this address.

It didn't take her very long to make her arrangements and to get everything settled that she could go away by the next day's train.

In a very little while it seemed to her she was standing on the front steps awaiting an answer to her tremulous knock. Kindness and welcome were shown her, and after a few words of tearful sympathy and earnest prayer Jessie was taken down to the sewing room.

Here the girls were busily engaged making "washing texts," and Jessie very soon was quite occupied with the work given her to do. While she worked away, the words, "Have faith in God," seemed to burn themselves into her heart. Over and over again they spoke to her, and while the Spirit of God dealt with her she could see so plainly her need of His divine forgiveness; could then see so clearly how all her life long she had lived regardless of His guidance and control, and that having her own way had led her into misery and shame.

Quite repentant, a few hours later, while speaking to the officer, Jessie was led to Jesus, the sinners' Saviour, the sinners' Friend.

Such heavenly peace filled her soul, and took the place of the old anxiety and fear. From that day Jessie grew in her soul, steadily developing into a beautiful Christian girl, her life making a mark on all in the Home, proving a real blessing to all.

After leaving the hospital, where she battled for life, and where her life hung in the balance, but where, under the good blessing of God, she slowly recovered and was brought back again to health and strength, she returned for a few days to the Home such a different Jessie to the old one, so changed by the grace of God, so transformed into a steady, strong soul, and made to reflect the love and light of the Master, that with all the force of her character she had chosen gladly to serve. And when from the big white gates she waved back a final "good-bye," ere going to her sister's home, how fervently our thanksgiving blended with hers, that through the Rescue Home, from despair and death to life and light, she had been "led to God."

HEADQUARTERS' NOTES.

WAR CRY OFFICE, TORONTO.

Mrs. Commandant Booth will conduct a great meeting at the Temple on Sunday next.

The Commandant leaves Toronto on Saturday the 8th for Newfoundland. He will sail from Halifax on the 11th.

Major Fry will accompany the Commandant on his campaign with the General.

The Commandant will conduct a united soldiers' council at Lippincott Street on Wednesday next, September 5th.

The Commandant will preside over a Staff tea on Thursday next at the Temple, and deliver his charge to his trusty officers before leaving for Newfoundland.

Mrs. Booth will visit Orillia Thursday the 20th.

An important Staff change is coming on which will affect several district officers.

Notwithstanding the loss of the steamer *William Booth*, the Naval Brigade is still full speed ahead and having magnificent meetings at every place at which they call.

Mrs. Brigadier Jacobs is reported to be very unwell.

Brigadier Jacobs has all arrangements well in hand for the reception of the General at the various places announced for his visit in the Maritime Provinces.

The yacht is being repaired at Port Robinson. Every kindness is being shown our people by the inhabitants. It will be remembered that Port Robinson is the place where the boat caught fire.

Captain Peacock has taken command of the Social Farm, and with Mrs. Peacock and the young Peacocks is now resident in the farm house there. (We do not know how the above-mentioned gentlemen view the chicken farm, but we know he has great faith in the Peacocks.)

A wire to hand informs us Major Head is ill at Vernon. Pray for his recovery.

(Major Head has been working in a perfectly glorious style in the N. W. A., doing campaigns and turning in incessantly, and has probably exhausted himself.)



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

We really must congratulate our Newfoundland comrades on the privilege of being first in seeing the General. As in the picture just above, we have no doubt both young and old will be eagerly looking out for the first glimpses of the "Carthagenian." Will our Newfoundlanders remember that the WAR CRY expects them to put an extra about on the CR's behalf into their welcome volley when they see our Grand Old Man.

COLONEL LAWLEY,

Travelling A.D.C. to the General.

SOLDIER AND SONGSTER—A BRIEF SKETCH.

How Army Officers are Made.

A MAN OF ONE IDEA.

Colonel Lawley is a striking individuality, no less in character than in person. Of Norfolk parentage, brought up in Yorkshire, endowed with the arm of a Hercules, and with a spirit as tender and pliant as that of a woman, he has conquered the disadvantages of a poor education, risen to eminence in the service of God, and worked his way into the confidence and heart of his leaders and comrades throughout the world. "I live on my knees at the gate of heaven. I put my head between the bars, open my mouth, and allow the angels to sh-vel it in." This is one of his characteristic flashes, and will impart to the spiritually-taught at once a conception of the man, a further glimpse of whose character we will now give.

A Child of the Army.

Humbly speaking, he owes all he owes to the Salvation Army. If asked what he is most thankful for in his life, he will tell you that it is that G-d overtook him, when an engine-lad, in Pullen's Theatre, Bradford, and saved his soul. One of the happiest moments in his life was when he General. In the front bedroom of Colonel (then Mr.) Dowdle's quarters in the same city, accepted him, along with Ted Irons, as an officer, and appointed him to open the 30th corps of the Salvation Army. His scholastic qualifications were then, as we have hinted, rare. He could not, but he had to be careful what chapters he selected; he could write, but the writer would have to be close by if the reader wanted to decipher it rapidly.

Friends, on perceiving his desire to preach the Gospel, advised him to read the books. He tried and tried, and tried again, but failed. "Oh, that I could speak for Jesus for five minutes!" he oft agonized in prayer to God. God heard him, and he spoke five, then ten, then twenty, till now, "I am never stuck fast, and not a bit of credit belongs to books." God has been his teacher. When, sixteen years ago, he stepped forward as an ambassador for Jesus Christ, all he had was a tin box and a Bible.

A Giant in the War.

Since then he has grown to be one of God's giants, and is still growing. "Where is the secret of your strength?" was the question once asked the famous Swedenborgian of long ago. It lay not in muscle or mind; and if you search for the mainspring of Lawley's strength you will not find it in his swarthy form, or in his mental and other natural acquirements. With a heart as full of music as heaven, as loud of it as a siren, he could not, strange to state, play a tin whistle if you were to offer him the Bank of England. He has not read a couple of "standard works" in all his career; and as for magazines and newspapers, he touches them with mingling when he lavests in them to read about some wreck or explosion from which to draw morals to warn the ungodly. He is a man of one idea, one passion, one purpose, one all-consuming desire—God, salvation—heaven—hell—death—judgment—eternity—Christ—the Cross.

"I cannot," we once heard him say, "get through my Salvation Army career with crying 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,' and 'I, if I lifted up, will draw all men unto Me,' then Johnnie Lawley will begin to sing 'If God called him.' What he passed to-day he has got on his knees, shutting his eyes, shaking on and praying to God. So far this has been more than sufficient to help him to victory throughout a long field fight. It has been sweet for him in temptation, sorrow, discouragement, and weariness. It has carried him through divisional and departmental commands, filled his soul with glory in prison and makes his days a run of bliss and delight. "When I came into the Army I did what I repeat now, 'I am prepared to be a door-mat for Jesus.' Stooping to scrape has always brought me the victory."

A Slayer of Israel.

On Colonel Lawley has fallen the mantle of the past. He is a second Pharaoh, and if sent to the War should crush it.

credible, both to his heart and head—as a Salvation Army Secretary. He had a divisional command at the time. A doctoral system of arranging corps results having been issued by the Home Office, he booked himself thereto.

"What are these?" he asked the worthy Chief Secretary of that ilk. An explanation followed. Lawley's face expanded. He was carried into a new world, not knowing his longitudes nor latitudes. "That will never do for me. I know what one or two souls mean, but, my dear brother, when you come to split them into 99ths, I am gone. You'll have to alter your system, and it was done accordingly for his sake."

The moral of this is self-evident. Colonel Lawley is not a man to make professions.

7. Spend all-nights in prayer; that is, give God what you would your superior officer—these. Wait upon Him. Renew your strength. You will be no good unless you do.

8. Be thankful, grateful and tender. I never used to let a collection be counted till my meetings were finished, and always made the "locals" kneel down and thank God for what we got, whether it was a penny or a pound.

9. Rejoice. There is too much worldly care around us. The joy of the Lord is your strength.

10. Have a definite experience. See that it gets clearer, brighter, holier day by day.

11. Don't dabble with doubtful things.



melody and song. We do not say that his poetical genius is stamped with mystic mists. No, God be praised! it is not, but we would sooner have two such songs as we print on this page than a thousand that only touch the imagination and please the fancy. Colonel Lawley is forever verifying. He began fourteen years ago by putting two or three verses together to the tune of "I'm a soldier bound for glory," and has written hundreds, off and on, since then. His songs have sung thousands into the Light.

His singing of a Salvation song is his choicest gift. Here he equals in his own particular way any it has been our privilege to hear, and excels some whose praise has been sounded through the world. No one ever strains their neck or prods their ear to catch his words. They are clear, simple, and ringing, and palpitate with deep, strong emotion. His aim is the heart of his hearer, and he strikes for it with his own on fire. His selection of songs is as appropriate as his exposition of them. He never sings by lip what has not entered into the bone and marrow of his soul. Hence, those he chiefly delights in are of his own composition—such as come bubbling up from the fountains and depths of his intensely spiritual nature.

They touch the heart and breathe the air of Heaven; the critical will find much to criticize in them, as they would with many of his droppings and gesticulations and addresses; but what does it matter? Are souls saved? Is good done? If so, Colonel Lawley will only smile at you. He won't quarrel with you.

Secretary.

Colonel Lawley tells a story which is

He does not profess to know that of which he is ignorant; and, by acting upon this principle in the various secretarial commands to which he has been appointed, he has been able to more than hold his own by his common sense and straightforwardness.

His Advice to Officers.

In view of the counsels referred to, his counsel to his brother-comrades will be read with special interest:

1. Be a man of one book, and that book the Bible.
2. Go to God to get explanations upon it. He, being the Writer, or Inspirer of it, understands its mysteries, and can and will make them plain to the earnest, sincere soul.
3. Get all what you say in your meetings from the Throne of Heaven on your bended knees.
4. Follow up all you say in your meetings by every-day visitations. If Jesus Christ had stood on the summit of the other world and preached through a trumpet what the world ought to do, it would have been damned. He visited it. He came into it; He lived in it, walked its streets, spoke to the multitudes, hungered, suffered, bled and died for it. Do the same!
5. Whatever else happens, visit your Sunday's converts on Monday. Seal a march on the devil!
6. Never quarrel with anybody, no matter how cranky they may be. Pray, pray, pray! Burn the hot iron of G-d's truth into their souls, and -resle till the break of day for their deliverance; but don't, don't quarrel—there's a more excellent way.

A doubting heart is rich soil for the devil's seed.

12. Be Salvationists in principle, practice, theory and fact, at home and abroad, in dress, food and everything—that is, be separate and peculiar.

Here we take our leave of the Colonel, praying that his bow may become stronger, and his arrow swifter. Like all of us he has his weak points, of which he is not ignorant. He owes much, we ought to add, to his energetic and whole-hearted wife. Formerly Captain Charteris, she has added fuel to the fiery flame that burns in her husband's breast, not only by precept, but by her example.

No more time serving, no more living to please men, no more of even the very appearance of trying to serve God and mammon. Inward and outward holiness of life is what we must have—THE GENERAL.

The Halifax Shelter is making excellent progress. The number of beds and meals sold have speedily increased from the opening numbers.

Holiness is indispensable to your completest usefulness. Brethren, be ye holy! Be holy NOW.—The General.



Yes, if an angel came. Well, they used to come in days gone by on special errands of judgment or mercy, in human form, eating and drinking with men, warning and comforting God's own children. Ah, even taking hesitating ones by the hand, and hurrying them out of cities over which fire and brimstone hung ready to burst, in thunderous wrath on the guilty heads of sinners. Witness the case of Abraham, Balaam, Manoah, Lot, Zedekiah, and Peter. Oh, yes, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to all who are heirs to salvation?" Glory to God!

I have often wondered what these angels in heaven think of the sin and misery of this poor world of ours. We, who were born in this world and under its existing evils, become accustomed to them, taking as a matter of fact that it always was so, and always will be, and that it is nothing to us we are not responsible for the state of things, and often scarcely conscious of the terrible evils which do exist.

We are like those people who are born and live all their lives close to the great Niagara Falls, or at the foot of some volcano, who realize neither the grandeur of the roaring falls, nor the awful danger of the volcano. So we, from our infancy, finding ourselves surrounded with sin and misery of every kind, become almost unconscious of its presence, thinking things are ruled by God and, in consequence, are as God would have them.

Now, this delusive view of things is a deadly blow to all aggressive work for God and souls, for if we think that sin and misery exist because God wills it, we shall do nothing whatever to remedy those states for fear of opposing the will of God; but, on the other hand, if we get a real sight of sin and its consequences from God's point of view, how different things will appear to us.

The existence of sin is painfully apparent, but the origin of it is a difficult problem; but still if we acknowledge the freedom of will of all God's intelligent creatures, and the tremendous possibilities of good and evil lodged in the exercise of that will for or against God and His government, the difficulty becomes less and less. Be that as it may, the fact remains. The evil is here, the fire is burning, the pestilence is raging, and the judgment is pending, and the question is to remove it in the first time and by the best methods. The Salvation Army, thank God, has solved that problem more clearly than any of the previous agencies for that object.

But to return, I said if we could only get a sight of the world's woes as God sees them, or as even the angels see them, how appalling they would appear, and what indignation and enthusiasm and effort they would rouse in us to fight sin and make the world better.

What the Angel Saw.

Gabriel and the other angels who have visited our world, have some idea of the state of things; but suppose an angel were about to visit our world who has never heard of all the existence of sin, or of rebellion against God, or the fall of man, and who had not the slightest conception of such a state of things, but whose only knowledge of this world was a lovely planet God had created and beautified with the most delightful trees, yielding all manner of luxurious fruit, rivers and lakes, seas and oceans, the whole earth covered with rich vegetation, upon which cattle of all kinds grazed, fish of every description, fowl of all varieties, birds—beautiful of plumage and sweet of song—everything perfect beyond description, all that the heart of man could desire. The angel had also heard of the most wonderful of all God's creatures—man and woman—made in His image, pure and holy, Himself walking and conversing with them, giving them dominion over every creature, blessing them, and commanding them to be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish and populate the earth, also giving them His holy laws, the reflex of His own character, which should be for the guidance and regulation of their actions and the source of happiness for their lives, and of those of their posterity, and that in time millions had been born, the world largely populated with men and women who had built cities,

called seas, tumbled mountains, cultivated land, raised crops, reared cattle, become versed in arts and sciences. Now, let us suppose, knowing only this that would be the expectation joy and rapture of the angel at the prospect of visiting such a world, such a people, such a blessed, and ruled by God, one great family, one great brotherhood, from one Father-God, such seeking the other's happiness according to His law of love. Why, simply heaven on earth, the reign of God on earth, the sublimest happiness and peace, joy and plenty. Soothe hearts, the world appears in view in its distance, nearer and nearer becomes—continents, oceans, mountains, cities appear. Oh, how delightful—paradise! The singing birds, lovely, enchanting, all appears delightful at a distance, and so it is. But with that divine instinct he takes in in a moment the whole situation and beholds, what! Oh, horror! What does he find? Instead of peace and love, behold open rebellion against his God, against His laws, men fighting against man, and brother against brother, nations armed to the teeth against each other, keeping standing armies ready to murder each other, mighty ships of war fitted with the latest inventions modern gunnery can devise for destruction and death; kings of nations, emperors, presidents, judges, magistrates, rulers, governments are corrupt, covetous, tyrannical, proud, and often licentious, while embezzling, murder, crime, thieving, lying, cheating, adultery and fornication are not only permitted, but actually licensed; drunkenness rampant, thousands annually, after suffering horrors, die, while governments receive revenue from the sale of liquor. Gold and silver are craved, sought, worshipped in the desire to acquire. There are riots, and fire in rebelled residences, having all that heart can desire, while millions are poor and starving, begging for bread, or for work to get bread. Justice is almost unknown, mercy is practiced by few, millions curse their God and violate His best laws. Living huddled together in cities they exist, crawling forth to steal, to sin and to commit crime. Millions are afflicted with various diseases, some, horrors, plagues—of the worst description—growing and dying, while others bury them for a living.

Armed men are kept to arrest and imprison fellow-men. Dungeons are built to incarcerate the vilest, especially of the poor, while the deserving criminals among the rich often go free.

Huge asylums are built where human beings bereft of reason are kept to live and die. Night is hideous with the screams of the wicked. Drunk, half-naked, beastly, vicious, cruel, murdering villains, rogues, dirty and foul, eating and drinking. Robbery is perpetrated by thousands in what is called business transactions; prisoners are charged, grinding down the poor. Manufacturers employ men and give starvation wages, whilst they, themselves, accumulate fortunes from the toil and sweat of these wretched laborers.

The worship of God—which some nations profess is hypocritical. God's Bible is interpreted by man paid for the purpose, who are at bitter enmity and strife with each other, gobbling and quarrelling, even blood-shedding over differences of opinion on the truth or error of the Book. They build costly churches, which they attempt once a week in acts and citizens to worship God. Hundreds of sects exist, each claiming to hold the truth.

The high and the low are separated; doors and windows of houses are locked, even in God's house. There are a few who really love God but who have been persecuted, imprisoned, stoned, and insulted, many murdered for their loving allegiance to Him and His law, but they are few and far between.

Millions have never yet heard of God, but live and die like savage beasts. Thousands perish by fire, plague, pestilence, famine, war, disease, and death. The angel looked on the awful scene and wept. Disappointment and sorrow were depicted on his face, while with words of anguish he enquired, "Is this God's world? Are these His people? Is this state of fearful misery and sin what my God intended it should be?" "No; ten thousand times no." "Then what has happened?" "Rebellion, rebellion, rebellion against God, damned on his mind. But how? A wicked fallen archangel succeeded in poisoning the minds of God's first pair, and thus disobedience and rebellion is the result, and now

the whole world lies in the arms of the devil and his fallen ones. God has done and is doing what He can to win it back to Himself—to win back the love and confidence of His creatures. He sent His Son to suffer and die, and now wants you, brother, to help spread the glorious news of mercy to rebels, and thus make the world better.

Brother, will you do it in view of the above state of things? Will you give up all for Jesus and live to save others? If so send in your application to the Brigadier.

Yours affectionately,
J. WATSON.

EX-OFFICERS

And Their Attitude Towards the Salvation Army.

EX-OFFICERS are supposed, by many, to be traitors of the first water, enemies to the Army, the chief enemies of Satan; in fact, sinners beyond all others. With more charitable views, and with more of the Christ-like Spirit, do not endorse the above, but still are satisfied in their own minds that we are not what we once were, that we cannot love the Army as we did, that we are not the same self-sacrificing, consecrated individuals we once were. We have sunk in their estimation to rise no more; henceforth we are looked upon as sinners, shorn of our strength and grinding in the devil's mill. Well, comrades, God bless you! We envy your positions to-day, but we aspired to be able to assure you that the hate has again grown on our (spiritually) shaven heads, that we realize the sweet smile of our Saviour in even greater measure than in former days, that we love the S. A. and its principles as much as ever, that our hearts burn within us at times to see souls saved and brought to Christ; in fact, we feel as though we were better Salvationists now than ever before. We read the WAR CRY, wait the promotions, changes, etc., with as much interest as ever. We rejoice over your victories and mourn over your losses. We are waiting for God and souls on Army lines, but our privileges are limited now. We will ever thank God for our experience as officers in your ranks, and we assure you that were we again in our old shoes no power or inducement on earth could buy or tempt us from our posts. Our lot is cast beyond the sound of the drum, but in imagination we often hear it and see the flag floating in the breeze, and hear the merry shout of soldiers, and a lump rises in our throat. What is it?

With such feelings how can we be such enemies of the Army, such hindrances to the work? Hold! Comrades, the devil held a snare for us. Beware! he has set one for you. Don't condemn us too strongly, but "ponder the path of thy feet."

That God may keep you true in the prayer of one who will always love the yellow, red, and blue.

CHARLES W. FORD.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGO, July 20th, '04.

African "Cry."—We must congratulate our African comrades in their special (July) number of the War Cry. It is colored throughout. The illustrations cover the whole of "all the nations of the earth." The whole Cry is profusely illustrated, and contains many graphically written articles. Amongst them we noticed, "On the Banks of the Weymouth," a tragic story of a Salvation war. "Chast from the Social Farm," an incident which should judge that this work was indeed very glowing. "The Flying Hollander interviewed," a brief account of the life of Esau D. Rot; also a striking story, under the title, "An Ex-Booster."

Vice rarely lingers round the wash tub.



PROMOTIONS—

Captain Edward Lee, who came out of Barrie in October, 1890, and is now stationed at Dresden, Ont.
Captain Harry Morris, who came out of London, Ont., in October, 1890, and is now Quartermaster at the Territorial Headquarters, to be Ensign.
Captain John M. C. Horn, who came out of Rimouski in July, 1890, and is now Accountant at the Territorial Headquarters, to be Ensign.
Captain Louis Kelly, who came out of Trois in March, 1890, and is now in charge of Winnipeg Corps and Women's Training Garrison, to be Ensign.
Lieut. Charles Ketting, of the Montreal Food and Shelter, to be Captain.
Lieut. Charles Barwell, of the Naval Brigade, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Chaplin, of the Montreal Food and Shelter Depot, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet John W. Leacy, of the Naval Brigade, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Edmund Dimmick, late of Brandon Garrison, to be Captain.
Cadet R. Brannithrick, late of Braden Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet George Kinney, late of Fredericton Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Albert Cook, late of Temple Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Fred Smith, late of Temple Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Jennie Culbert, late of Leger St. Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Victoria Snider, late of Leger St. Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign Edward Lee, to take command of Dresden District and Corps.
Captain Alexander Crichton, to be Secretary to St. John's, of Newfoundland Province.
Captain Dimmick to Carberry Corps.
Lieut. Kinney, to be Scribe at Eastern Provincial Headquarters.
Lieut. Cook, to Bismillah.
Lieut. Smith, to Petrolia.
Lieut. Culbert, to Godrich.
Lieut. Snider, to Tilsonburg.

MARRIAGES—

Captain Daniel Kelly, out of St. John's, N.S., and last at Dartmouth, married on June 2nd, to Lieut. E. W. Lee, last stationed at Picton, N.S.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

Pacific Coast "Cry."—Originality is certainly a marked characteristic of our friends "across the border." "A baby Cry," a novel and yet most charming idea. Photos of God's wee lambs, all sizes, all ages—we were going to say all colors—adorn the pages of the latest issue of the Californian Cry. They have not forgotten the Canadian children, "Victor," our dear leader's eldest boy, central of our present position in this most unusual Cry. God bless you, comrades! May He, through the faces of these dear little ones, speak to many weary hearts!

Our comrades, Staff-Captain Millsaps, is much to be commended for some of the fruitfulness on the Californian Cry recently. We do not remember ever reading in any periodical a more tremendous indictment of the drink traffic than was presented in the "Offering to Moloch" picture. More power to our Californian Cry!

Without Beer, but Not Without Jesus.

When visiting the Farm Colony we went to see the brickmaking, and one old man who had been converted twelve years, but was formerly a big drunkard, said in a burst of enthusiasm while passing the brick he had just made over his head, "We make bricks without straw and without beer, but we don't do it without Jesus."

ADJUSTER MILLER.

THE
GENERAL

DUE AT
ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND,
SEPT. 18th.

G.B.M.

Light Brigade and Auxiliary Flashings.

Slence has reigned supreme as far as notes upon our work from the central office are concerned.

Furloughs, when well spent, are good; but as Commandant Booth points out, they may be unprofitable when spent in idle dreams or listless loungings.

The Salvation Army being a world within itself, provides occupation for furlough intervals.

Nothing could have afforded greater profit while on rest, than to attend the General's great Jubilee gatherings.

The "Light Brigade" and Auxiliary men went on furlough to the G.F., consequently silence from this quarter.

We commence again. First, we must record pleasure at seeing in the past pages of the last few weeks' Cry, the debut performance of notes on our branch, of the war of the Provincial "Light Brigade" again, and if they, together with self, continue in well doing, readers will (if Editorial scissors do not overmuch operate) learn something of what is happening.

And thank God we have something to record. His mighty arm, through the Social agency, has wrought marvellous things.

Did not my eyes behold some of the Food and Shelter of London, England, the Women's Shelter, a portion of the City Colony, with its multitude of occupations—paper sorting, dressmaking, tambourine-tuning, form-making, brush-fitting, net-weaving, patent baby-chair making, etc., etc.; the Farm Colony, with its acres of strawberries and black currants, black-pigs, piggery, cow-house, dormitories, barracks, hospital, hennery, chimney-pot turning, bakery, wholesale house, retail village-store, conservatory for tomatoes, etc., barge, wharf, carpenter's shop, our own railway (with locomotive and car), auto-rail, with beautiful sweeping views of the mouth of the River Thames and the North German Ocean, and last but not least, the large refreshment room, with photographer's establishment attached, whose pictures of our beloved General dressed in farmer's costume, broad hat, breeches and riding boots, astride on horse, could be bought, representative of Farmer Booth.

And do not these figures speak for themselves: 2,550,818 meals supplied; 1,039,975 people sheltered; and 1,757 fallen women and girls rescued during 1893 in Great Britain alone, while the following bird's-eye view of the result of certain branches of General Booth's Non-partisan Social Scheme to May 31st, 1894, is at once astounding and instructive. Read carefully and without prejudice.

Number of meals supplied, 10,612,697; cheap lodgings, 2,919,916; men received into Salvation Army factories, 8,147; men found employment, 10,869; ex-criminals sent into Prison Gate House, 1,026; men rescued from 3,429; women and girls received into Rescue Homes for fallen women, 8,025; men passed through Farm Colony, 1,393; total nightly accommodation for the destitute and homeless, 5,965.

In the smaller, though far-reaching Social work of Canada, our eight Rescue Homes reported at the close of '94, 849; three inmates employed at fourteen industries, out of whom during that month nineteen professed conversion; twenty-three children, averaging from one year to six, being in the Children's Home, while the three Food and Shelter depots report the sale of 2,563 beds at ten cents, 847 at seven cents, and 27 at fifteen cents, with 14,637 meals supplied at the average price of eight cents.

Our General says some work of this kind is essential, so as in our ordinary meetings we go for a man's soul to influence his body; in the Social we help a man's body to get at his soul.

Of the League of Mercy let Emig Hiltz speak. Its olive branch, bearing leaves shaded with love and cheer, overclouds many a sick one in the hospital, and oils many a wanderer's chains in prison. As rapidly as possible its trees are being planted in the main centres of our Dominion.

Now, reader, these notes are summarized as follows:—

1. Apology.
2. Facts of social interest.
3. Appeal to sustain and develop this Social Work.



—Pacific Coast Cry Cartoons.

And you I appeal to again. What will you do? and your answer being, What can I do? we finish by pointing out three courses: 1. Send a donation, large or small. 2. Ask the nearest officer to supply you with a Grace-before-Meat box, or if none near, drop Commandant H. H. Booth, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, a post card for one. 3. Subscribe 35 per annum or \$2.50 for six months and join our Auxiliary League.

If you are desirous that your donation should be devoted to the general funds, apart from the Social, this can be arranged.

What you do, do quickly, as time flies, and soon opportunities to do good to our fellow creatures will have eternally slipped by us.

Sincere Prayer.—A man's prayers, in so far as he prays sincerely, are governed by the nature and magnitude of his ideas concerning God. He cannot pray rightly who thinks of God wrongly. Fragments of such magnitude and magnitude as those of Paul are the native growth of magnificent conceptions of God's character and grace and adoring trust in His infinite love. A man whose God is little and mechanical, will pray a little pinched prayer. We shape our little prayers, collect our little wants and desires, pack them up in little parcels of words, and try with all kinds of doubting anxieties to secure their despatch to heaven, and then sit in our corner and shiver with fear lest they should not bring an answer. But God should be too great or too busy to notice them. We miss the comfort and joy of praying for lack of what I will call a fine and holy balling; boldness, which credits God with having something to give and being willing to give it. Our prayers should be like the opening of temple doors, through which could pass whole troops of shining angels; but often they are so poor and straight, that a gift such as God delights to grant cannot struggle through, the riches of God's glory must remain on the outer side.

Many are satisfied when, in their prayers, they are able to pour out their thoughts and words to God. They seldom care to listen to what God has to say in return. Thus they remain continually in darkness, and struggle to discover the true light. God knows all that goes on within your heart. He needs only to tell you what He has to say about you, and you must give Him the opportunity of doing so. You must turn aside from your doings and undertakings, and hush your heart in silence before Him. Then the sweet voice is heard, then the hidden treasures of the kingdom of heaven are revealed, then you find what God means you to be, and a work of ages is accomplished in a moment. Only grant God an opportunity to speak out, and do not drown His sweet, still voice in the uproar of your noise, and you will find what an overruling peace and joy He can give.

—HARRY BELL, Oakville.

Jesus alone can slay the man of sin.

The Working Woman's Home on Albert Street.

GOOD NEWS — THREE SOULS.

The Editor said, "We want some news from the Women's Shelter."

Well, we have some good news to tell. We have been faithfully sowing the seed and waiting on God for results. Sometimes our hearts have grown sad and gloomy after the women have related the strivings of the Spirit, saying, "I know, but there is no use in me expecting anything different. I have lost all heart; no one cares for me." But they have learned better and are gradually grasping the thought that God and the Salvation Army do care and wait to help them.

As from time to time I look at the things our dear leader toiled so hard to get, I ask God to save souls, and that will more than repay us for all our labor.

Our Home is the very first of the fifty Jubilee Homes. It was opened on New Year's Day. I believe it will mean a real Jubilee Year to many who come in. God has given us victory. He lives with us. That is the secret of our success. It has brought so much joy into my heart and life to feel that in some small measure we are privileged to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.

Remembering the thought, "I have risen in my mind, 'Can anything be done with them?' The answer comes in all its beauty, 'With God all things are possible.'"

I feel it has been such a help to be near our precious leaders. Many times as the great possibility has come before me and I have felt its reality, they have said, "God can do you for it." He is our all in all, and does make His strength perfect in our weakness.

For some time past we have been having meetings with the women Sunday evenings, led by Emig Stewart. God has been blessing them, the seed has been sowing root, and we have been waiting for the fruit, and it has come. Last Sunday three knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. It was good to be there. I can't tell you how it rejoiced our hearts because it is for this we live. I believe more will follow soon.

If you could see how much some of them have to come Home, as they call it, after being away a few days, you would see how necessary a Home like this was and need as money to enlarge our borders before the cold weather comes. If not we shall have to turn many away.

Our beautiful holiness convention last held sweet in our work. "Whatever He wills unto you do it."—SHEILA OFFICER.

Montgomery Holmes, another sister who is devoting her life to the saving of the lost, adds her bright, cheering testimony:—

Some short time ago while dealing with some of the women in regard to their souls, and endeavoring to find out if really there was a change in their hearts, one, who had some better days, but who had never known anything about a change of heart, looked up and said, "Yes, I have been happier these few months than I have been for sixteen years." We are praying that God will give her a full salvation; while another remarked,

"This week has been the best I have spent for some time, as I have been endeavoring to do right," and many others expressed their desire to do well.

There are cases that come to us sometimes that we find hard to deal with, but we get grace to conquer, and often they will come and acknowledge their wrong, and after being turned away will come back begging to get in.

We feel assured that this is another door of mercy open to these poor wandering ones if they could only see it and enter in. "May God help them," is our constant prayer.

—LIEUTENANT HOLMAN.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give them no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou canst not tell in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For farmers in the sky.

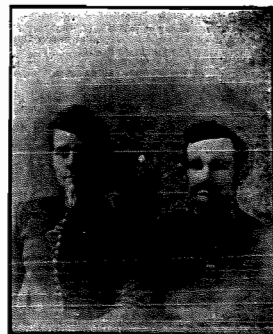
Hence, when the glorious end—
The day of God has come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, HARVEST HOME.

—T. MONTGOMERY.

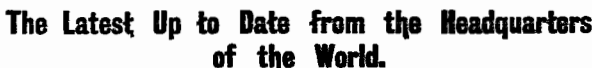
As Adjutant Manton, the G.B.M. agent for Central Ontario, was leaving home this morning, a well-dressed lady in great trouble spoke to him. "My husband," said the lady, "has sold up the home and left me."

And why? The poor soul afterwards admitted she was a sinner and gave way to the drink. In utter despair she sat down in a shop and asked the lady there, "What shall I do?" and the lady in the shop sent her after the Army man, because the Army are the friends of all.

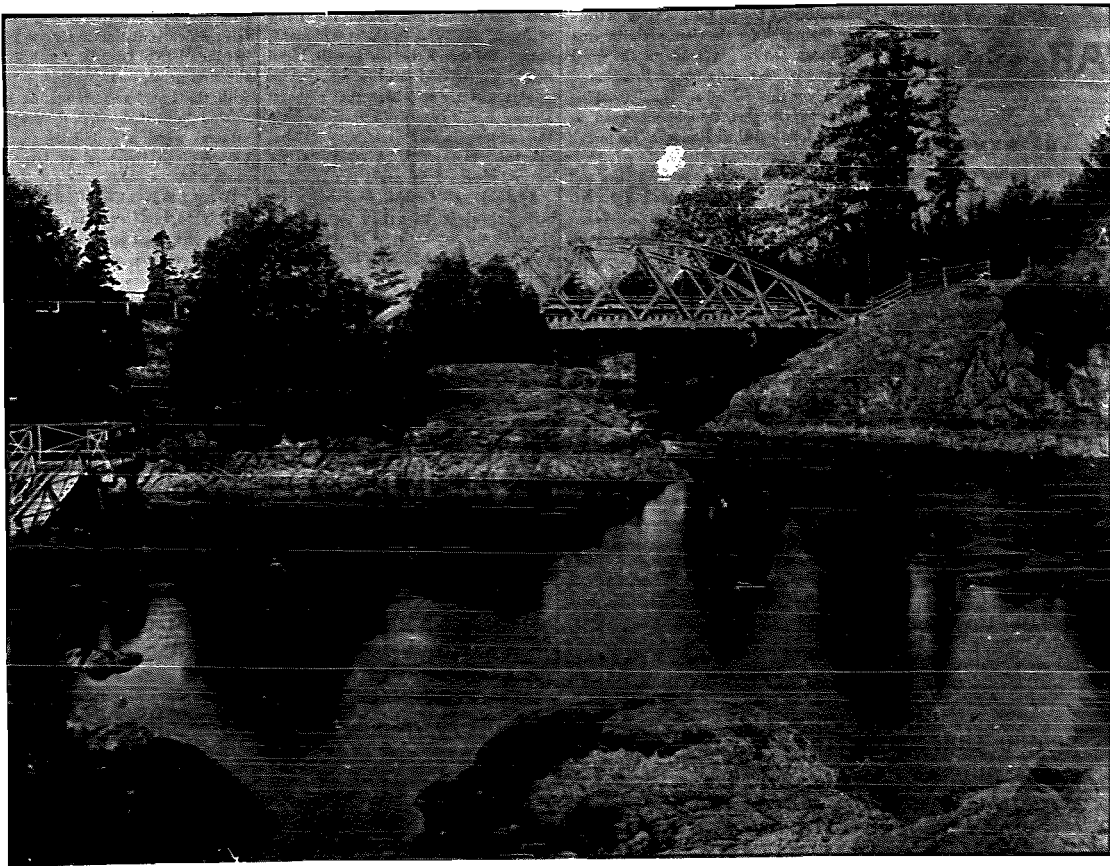
It is to be hoped we shall be able to effect a reconciliation; but, oh, how hard is the way of the transgressors!



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARDSON
(Officers in Charge, Stratford, recently visited by Mrs. Booth.)



During the brilliant Sunday on which Brigadier Evan's Prohibition Park camp meetings closed, seven new members were enrolled, one of whom was no less a personage than Dr. L. K. Funk, the editor of the *Voice* and the *Homiletic Review*, the editor-in-chief of what promises to be the greatest literary of this age, and one of the most prominent leaders in the United States of the Prohibition party.



THE GORGE, VICTORIA ARM, scene of the review of Victorian troops on the occasion of Provincial Officer Read's visit.

MAJOR AND MRS. READ'S

Maiden Visit to Victoria.

WONDERFUL TIMES.

Wholesale Onslaught on Stick-in-the-Mud-ism—Thirteen Out for Sanctification—Two for Salvation—The Major Introduces the Newfoundland War-Dance.

For many weeks the Salvationists and friends in this "Queen City of the West" have been looking forward to the time when they would welcome our Provincial Secretary and his wife, of whom we have heard so much from the WAR CRY.

Adjutant Archibald was not behind in making preparations for their visit, and with the distribution of hand-bills, the suspension of a large streamer across one of the principal streets containing the coming events for each of the four days, and the aid of the Press, who were very kind in inserting locale, beside the striking announcements made from open-air and platform, the public of Victoria were well informed as to what was to take place.

Promptly at twelve, noon, on Saturday the train steamed into the station, and the familiar, happy face of Adjutant Archibald appeared on the platform, followed by the Major and Mrs. Read, looking all smiles and contentment after their four hours' ride. With a loud shout of "Hallelujah!" the Major jumped from the car and was soon making friends with everybody, and surprising one brother a little by telling him to shout "Glory!" for he it known, dear WAR CRY, that the Victoria people count themselves very respectable; it was in any wonder then that the by-standers looked with wonder at such proceedings, especially when he walked out of the station announcing the meetings at the top of his voice? Even, yellow-faced John

Chiseman seemed to claim him as a friend, and nodded and smiled a welcome as he and Mrs. Read walked through Chinatown on their way to the officers' quarters. Here we leave them, having barely an hour for refreshment, orders being, "Meet at James' Bay boat-house at half-past one for an excursion up the 'Gorge'."

As the time approached little groups of Salvationists could be seen hurrying along as so not to be left behind. Two large boats, capable of holding sixty or seventy, had been fitted up, and we were soon in our places and off for the Gorge, singing,

"We're bound for Heaven's shore."

We must have looked as well as we felt very happy, for we learned afterward that a lady who had watched us from the railway bridge, where we made a stop to pick up our officers, remarked to a friend standing by, "Way, surely, that is the Salvation Army going up to the Gorge," and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, she added, "Well, I must be mistaken, for I always understood that those poor people were never allowed any enjoyment, but look at them now!"

The War Cry readers have heard about beautiful Oak Bay, where former field days have been held, but even that lovely spot is forgotten when we go a little way up the Victoria Arm on one bank of which was our stopping place.

No artist ever visits the city without visiting this pretty resort.

Near where we disembarked the waters of the Arm, which all the way up were as smooth as glass, rush over a ledge of rock which is visible only at low tide, and through a very narrow channel, widening out again a little further on.

This forms the "gorge," and the treacherous currents here is so strong at times that many an unwary swimmer has been caught in the whirlpool and hurried to meet God.

A pretty little bridge crosses the bubbling water at this point, and near it we Salvationists met to praise God and have a happy time.

On the Major's whistle sounding we formed up for a march, rather a queer one, single file. We marched around the trees, the brass band playing and the soldiers clapping their hands. A halt was made for an open-air meeting, and the first to be brought out to do some sharp-shooting were a brother and sister from the reserve forces. The next were the "Little" hallelujah family, who repeated an address to the Adjutant after the Major, which ran:

"DEAR ADJUTANT,—We are very glad to be here to-day. Though our name is 'Little'

we feel big simply because we are the children of a King."

This family numbers ten, but unfortunately they were not all present.

It is hardly necessary to say that this meeting was out of the ordinary, for since the Major has come into our midst everything like formality has been overturned, and we are kept in a fever of excitement, wondering whenever will happen next.

However, there were two or three things that happened that we shall never forget.

A singing battle was fought between an equal number of sisters and brothers, Father Gray being appointed judge, the balance of the soldiers acting as jury-men. Sad to say the brothers won. The judge in summing up said he felt the seriousness of his position very keenly, but from force of circumstances gave judgment against the ladies.

The Major next put a detachment of brothers through some drilling exercises. He made a capital drill sergeant, though his orders of "Eyes down," "Chin up," etc., caused no little amusement. Captain Sunshine (Macoscar) was ordered to put the sisters through a like performance, but instead of looking stern she smiled, so the Major took her place. He introduced a new way of testifying that speedily acquainted him with the names of all the sisters. All officers soon took wings.

A collection was next asked for by Adjutant, and the money came flying on the drum. A good sum was realized.

After some more volleys Mrs. Read spoke to us.

The Major had a little fatherly chat, stopping in the middle to shake hands with a few of his new friends, and then we separated for tea.

The time went very quickly, and all too soon we had to prepare for leaving as we to be in time for the march.

The homeward journey was made short by singing, and we arrived safe in the city minus the sore heads, broken hearts, and empty pockets that so many excommunicates bring with them.

The march was a rouser, and the open-air on "Campbell's Corner," to say the least, original. Evidently the crowds that stood round thought it very funny from the ejaculations that fell from some of their lips. The Major certainly did say and do some rather unusual things; he even danced, and Adjutant got some of the glory in his feet, too. Four chains were the pupils from which the soldiers dismounted, much to the surprise of some of the bystanders.

Father Little introduced a new word into the Salvation Army language, viz., "Hallelujah."

The barracks was well filled for the inside

meeting. Tremendous volleys greeted our leaders as they stepped on the platform. The Major completely upset everybody's gravity by promptly introducing Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald to the audience as unaccountably as if it were just as it should be.

Showers of blessing floated up to heaven, as on our knees we pleaded for God's blessing on the opening meeting of the campaign.

A song from the Car, and then a unique all-over-the-shop business meeting followed. The brothers seemed boiling over with salvation joy, while the Major executed the Newfoundland war dance, and, when he announced that sometimes the sisters do it in that little tale, the question arose in our minds, "Oh, what it must be to be there!"

He was very quick to recognize old friends, and Happy Sam Churchill was soon spotted out and brought on the platform. He was gloriously saved.

Mrs. Read was introduced by the Major, and a rousing volley was fired—as Bibb is hand—she rose to speak. Mrs. Archibald prayed that God's blessing would rest on the words, and we are confident that such a soul-stirring, pointed, loving appeal as she made to the sinner could not but take effect.

The prayer meeting was opened with,

"His blood can make the vilest clean;"

but though conviction was seen in some faces, none came out publicly for salvation.

A nice little soldiers' council was held after the meeting. "Hands up, who is coming to knee-drill?" brought forth quite a satisfactory response, and as a result a good number came up at seven a.m. God came very near, and a Methodist brother seemed especially happy.

The Major led every meeting during this visit will be remembered, but none like the holiness meeting in the "glory hall." It was a heart-searching, soul-stirring, blessed, refreshing, wonderful time.

The Major explained clearly and definitely what holiness was, using an illustration, and then Mrs. Read read to us from the Word, bringing into force the words of truth.

Every heart present was touched by her words. She urged the necessity not of making new vows, but of performing the old ones that had long been broken. "Praise God, there were some that let God have His way. When the invitation was given, three volunteered out to seek the blessing. We sang,

"Here I give my all to Thee,"

and one by one they came, until no less than thirteen were kneeling at the front. Oh, how we praised God for this manifestation of His power. Thirteen hearts cleansed and made holy will make a vast difference in our meetings, and with God's help sinners will be

Don't be hindered by any notion of the respectability of the people God sends you to warn.—General

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from last week.)

But THE ANGEL OF FIFTY came at last, in the shape of a young gentleman. He wanted me to carry two parcels, but I was scarcely strong enough to carry one, and he was about to carry the other himself, when another very light porter bore him in sight and was engaged. The gentleman paid us handsomely. God bless Him!



He never knew his boundless generosity had saved two poor little waifs from starvation and started them in business; but, nevertheless, it was a fact. My new made friend, whose name was Jerry Powers, initiated me into the secrets of the newspaper trade, and after we had appeased the claims of our stomachs, which, no doubt, was beginning to think our throat must be out of order, he advised we should club together and get

A Quire of "Echoes,"

a one-cent paper, and sell them. We entered into a partnership at once, and from that time on clung to each other, with David and Jonathan-like affection and tenacity.

We did very well in the paper business, and rented a room, where we curled up together at night. This was a great luxury, for we had both been sleeping in the street for some time. I developed into quite an expert, and had the different cries off quite pat.

"He yar, ser, 'Fuss, 'Punch' or 'Judy,' ser, 'Sit-dere,' re-quad edition, 'Sit-dere,' with any notable news.

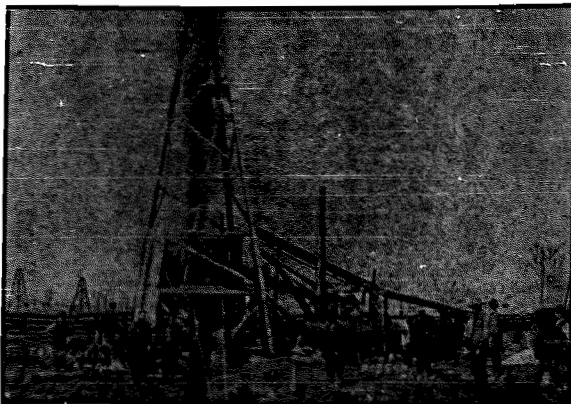
We were so prosperous now we felt at liberty to indulge in luxuries, and invested in sundry pen-orths of billed planes, a del-cacy we were both very fond of.



Several times I took Jerry on Sunday mornings to the East London theatre, when

The General First Began Preaching There,

but I am afraid it was the leaves and fishes that saved us.



OIL SHAFT AT PETROLIA.—Scene from Mrs. Booth's West Ontario Tour.

I remember how our eyes glistened when we received the large piece of bread in one hand and the big mug of steaming hot tea in the other.

"There's milk in it, Tommy," said Jerry, and when I looked at him his eyes were fairly dancing with pleasure. We were

two very diminutive specimens of humanity, and the ladies took special care that we were filled up.

When the General preached I always used to cry, but Jerry could not understand it, and after we got out would ask me what it meant.

I made lots of plans for our future, in which I always figured as boss. But as Burns says, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men (and even street arabs), gang aft agley."

My father caught and unconsciously walked me off home. I tried to stay, but found it impossible, the cruelty was even worse than before, and I was forced to get away again.

This time I became a shoe-black in one of the brigades; donned the uniform and soon learned to use the two brushes artistically, and about "He yar, ser, shon 'o boots, ser. He yar, ser. I axend yer fast, ser," etc.

I found Jerry at the lodging-house. It was such a meeting! He just threw his little arms around me and hugged me, he was so delighted, and we had some managers for supper in honor of my return, which Jerry insisted on paying for.

After I had been in the shoe-black business a bit a situation was offered me as a second boy at a printing office, which I gladly accepted, and soon gained the good will of my employers, for though I had been thrown into all kinds of bad company, I wanted to be good, and never forgot my mother's teaching.

I was after a few months placed in the machine room, but the life was too tame for my active mind. My wife had been

Sharpened by Hunger

and misery, and I was restless; I wanted excitement, and determined to go to sea, which I did without help from any one. Left my situation honorably, and was duly installed as boy on board the good brig *City of Chester*. I took to the sea like a duck to water, and was like a cat aloft.

The men who kicked and cuffed me in the fore-castle were angels of mercy compared with my father, and the hard fare they growled so much about was Christmas fare to me. I began to get strong and sturdy, and the men and officers began to like the sharp, quick-witted little fellow who was always so willing to wait upon them. This virtually ended the childhood of yours faithfully in the service of God and humanity,

THOMAS KNIGHT,

Vancouver.

P.S.—Jerry got into one of the London river training ships and was drowned on his first voyage.

Journalings from My Diary.

BY BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

Captain Wolcott has been resting; I ran across him at Orillia the other night, it reminded me of Toronto.

Lieutenant Way is still resting at Ottawa, she will return almost at once.

Captain Wolcott is on her way from England.

The night I was at Huntsville, Captain Markle was able to rejoice in the arrival of a little boy; congratulations from Mrs. de Barritt and all the rest of us, Captain.

Captain Helt is faringwell from Orillia, and will be on rest for a month. His throat is very bad. The Orillia barracks will be opened the first Sunday in September by the Commandant.

Mrs. de Barritt has just left for Oshawa, the ladies of that town have expressed a desire that she go and speak on the work of the Army in the Argentine Republic, and take a Salvation meeting. I hope they will turn to and help the officers there; they need all they can get.

I am sorry to hear that Captain Andrews is unwell, I hope he will soon be all right, and that the soldiers will fight for themselves and

him in the bargain during his illness. Keep the chariot moving, boys.

We must have souls at every meeting more than ever. I am getting to feel dissatisfied with gatherings without results; this is not the will of God, let us settle that point and go in for souls all the time.

Captain Edgecombe has got a nice move-on at Lippincott.

At Lippincott there are quite a number of new faces. They are going in might and made with the sewing classes, and will do well.

Mrs. Captain Wiseman, Richmond Street, is better. Hallelujah!

Our officers seem anxious that I should be alone, and are wanting to run off with Mrs. de Barritt, right and left, all the time. All good Salvationists settled that question when they popped the question, so we divided for the war.

In answer to inquiries, I am happy to say that we shall renew the afternoon holiness meetings as soon as the hot weather has gone. I am proposing some alterations that I think will make those meetings more than ever a time of blessing. You might pray for them even now.

We are looking forward to the special meetings at the Temple on the second Sunday in September. Mrs. Booth will be present with us, also a good staff of officers.

Ensign Dowell is on full stretch for Harvest Festival. Some of the comrades hope, will donate a few cords of wood; if so, I think the city corps will buy it, and so a corps will help another. Mrs. Dowell is not very well.

Ensign Kinton, who was resting at Huntsville, came to our help when at that beautiful little spot. We had a most blessed time.

Ensign Ayre has earned the gratitude of every member of the Singing Brigade. His arrangements were like the G. T. R. his kindness was more than refreshing, and I don't wonder that God is prospering his labors.

Lieutenant Young, at the Falls, has been very unwell, and has gone on home.

I hear that the new hall at Bowmanville is quite a treat. Looking around the D.O. quarters I saw plenty of evidence that H. F. was on his feet. Beds of nails, matches, implements, guns are coming; pants are promised; wood, cushions, and all sorts and sizes of things. What they cannot sell we have promised to sell for them in Toronto. Now, my comrades, you must push ahead and we shall conquer all the time.

They have a nice number of soldiers to send at Party Sound. That is the news that gladdens the heart of a P.S., souls saved and soldiers to be sent.

When a corps is without local officers some must be got to go to rest. All collections must be made on the spot, and when they are made. No officer is allowed to be without a Treasurer or Secretary; if none to be had, then someone must act until someone can be appointed.

All collecting cards must be initiated by the Treasurer and the Secretary, and must be received by them and the amounts passed through the books. A little attention to these points will save trouble and misunderstanding.

Captain Garrett has now gone to Stouffville. The circle corps is going well there. Look out for others.

Mrs. Ensign Phillips, Captain Woolrich, Mrs. and Miss Griffiths, and Sister Scott, are the members of the Singing Troupe. They are having a real successful year. God bless them! They have a bit of real hard work in the long journey with the rig. They also over the difficulties and are going in for souls all the time.

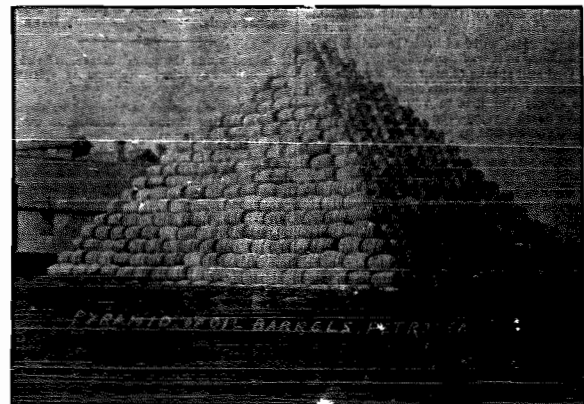
Captain Parker has gone to Barrie. He built most of the new barracks at Markham himself. Bracebridge is in for a great improvement with their barracks.

Officers, officers, officers! this is the great lack. Oh, that Judgment Day, when you will stand before the Throne of God, you will see the souls that brought you to Christ, and you will see the thousands that you might have saved if you had been willing to leave all and follow Christ.

You will see then how hollow and false have been some of the excuses that people have made to shirk the cross of Christ, and realize the harvest of souls we might have if we had the right sort of men and women given up to God and souls.

The harvest is great. In many cases the only thing that is wanting is the willingness of God's people to leave all and follow Him. Will you leave all and follow Him? If you will, write to Brigadier de Barritt, Lippincott and Ulster, Toronto, at once.

To successfully command you must love your corps with a love that never falters, never swerves, never dies. You must have the same burning, unquenchable flame that Jesus had, or you cannot succeed.—General.



ONE OF PETROLIA'S PYRAMIDS.—Scene from Mrs. Booth's West Ontario Tour.



Soldiers' Meeting

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th,

In the LIPPINCOTT STREET BARRACKS,

— LED BY —

THE COMMANDANT.

MRS. BOOTH

— AT THE —

TEMPLE, SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 9th.

JESUS IS WAITING FOR THEE.

By COLONEL LAWLEY, who accompanies the General on his Canadian tour.

TUNE—Wonderful words of light.

Come, sinner, come, to the Saviour's feet,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Leave all thy sin at the mercy-seat,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
He is thy only Saviour,
Come, and thou shalt find favor.
Do not delay, come while you may,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Do not delay, come while you may,
Jesus is waiting for thee.

CHORUS.

Come to my wonderful Saviour,
From sinning He can thee deliver,
Dare you believe? Will you receive
Salvation from Jesus to-day?

Wonder from God, though so weary and sad,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Wilt thou not come? He will make thy heart
glad.

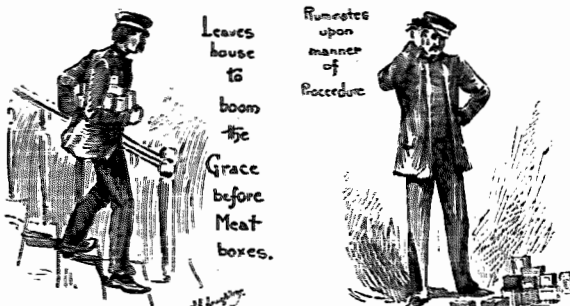
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Whoever may have this salvation,
For all there is now liberative,

Yes, mercy for all, heed the glad call,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Yes, mercy for all, heed the glad call,
Jesus is waiting for thee.

Backslider, thy Father will freely forgive,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
A welcome, a robe, ring and him will He
give,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
He'll set the glory bells ringing,
And start the angels off singing,
Return to thy home, there's plenty of room,
Jesus is waiting for thee.
Return to thy home, there's plenty of room,
Jesus is waiting for thee.

This is Jesus I know, all my guilt He for-
gave,
Bless His dear name, I am free!
I brought my poor soul to the Mighty to
save,
Bless His dear name, I am free!
My sins run as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the fountain,
He got my name down for a palace and
crown,
Bless His dear name, I am free!
He got my name down for a palace and
crown,
Bless His dear name, I am free!

AN ILLUSTRATED GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT BOX STORY.



Leaves
house
to
boom
the
Grace
before
Meat
boxes.

Remember
upon
manner
of
Reverence

He decides
to take it.



Sees a man approaching with pipe
in mouth, leading puppy dog.



Wonders what to do for his country
before decides to eat his puppy.



He sees another man who buys dog.
Puts money into Bow.

Why are only ones and twos
saved? Not because of any desire
to save ones and twos only, but
because only ones and twos go
out to save them. A crowd that
understands its business and
knows how to take hold of God,
and deal with men, will catch a
crowd. Let us go out in crowds.
—The General.



Honor Roll	
100 AND OVER.	
Wm. Smith, Hamilton IL.	123
80 AND OVER.	
Capt. Miller, Fort Arthur	86
70 AND OVER.	
Brig. Armstrong, St. John IL.	79
60 AND OVER.	
Med. Young, St. Catharines	62
50 AND OVER.	
Mr. Philip Moore, Windsor, Ont.	52
Capt. Andrews, Riverside	51
Brig. Mrs. Cook, Cornwall	50
40 AND OVER.	
Water. Orris, Glasgow, Kingston	41
30 AND OVER.	
Col. Bell, St. John, N.B.	39
Brig. Lefebvre, Belleville	38
Brig. Burke, Hamilton	37
Brig. Burke, Sherbrooke	36
Brig. Burke, Coburg	35
Brig. Goodwin, Halifax N.S.	34
Brig. McKillop, Windsor, Ont.	33
Brig. McKillop, Windsor, Ont.	32
20 AND OVER.	
Brig. McKillop, Brockville	29
Brig. McKillop, Vernon	28
Brig. McKillop, Toronto	27
Brig. McKillop, Niagara Falls	26
Brig. McKillop, Fort Arthur	25
Brig. McKillop, St. Catharines	24
Brig. McKillop, Windsor, Ont.	23
Brig. McKillop, Kingston	22
Brig. McKillop, Cornwall	21
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	20
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	19
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	18
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	17
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	16
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	15
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	14
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	13
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	12
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	11
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	10
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	9
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	8
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	7
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	6
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	5
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	4
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	3
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	2
Brig. McKillop, St. John, N.B.	1

God only knows what he
would do with a few men
who cared only for Him. He
would save thousands and
astonish the universe.—The
General.



TORONTO SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

Provincial Demonstration, Sept. 8th to 13th.

Sept. 8th, Temple, all day, Salvation Meetings.
Mrs. Booth, and Provincial Staff; September 10th,
Temple, 10:30 a.m. 3 and 8 p.m., Holiness and
Musical Meetings, Provincial Staff, All-night Prayer,
11 p.m.; Sept. 11th, Temple, 2 and 8 p.m., Holiness and
Women's Demonstrations, Mrs. de Barritt and Lennie
F. O's of Province, Council for St. O's at 1 p.m., P. O's
at 3 p.m.; Sept. 12th, 3 and 8 p.m., Holiness and
Salvation Meetings, Provincial Staff and English Ayre;
Sept. 12th, Lippincott, Salvation Meetings, English
Ayre and Officers of Collingwood District; Sept.
12th, 12th-Rhodes Street, Salvation Meeting, English
Ayre and Officers of Hamilton District; Sept. 12th,
Sept. 12th, Ligar Street, Salvation Meeting, English
Ayre and Officers of Parrie District; Sept. 12th,
West Toronto, Salvation Meeting, English Ayre and
Officers of St. Catharines District; Sept. 12th, Dover-
court, Salvation Meeting, English Ayre and Officers of
Bownessville District; Sept. 12th, Yorkville, Salvation
Meeting, English Ayre and Officers of Uxbridge
District; Sept. 12th, Riverside, Salvation Meeting,
English Ayre and Officers of Hamilton District; Sept.
12th, Temple, Salvation Meeting, English Ayre and
Officers of Lindsay District; Sept. 12th, Temple,
War Memorial, Salvation Meeting, English Ayre and
Officers of Province, Commissioning of Officers, etc., others,
meeting tickets, apply to Brigadier de Barritt, corner
Lippincott and Ulster Streets, before Sept. 12th.
Naval Brigade also Hamilton and Guelph Bands
expected for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 8th,
9th and 10th.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost
means purity, the baptism of the
Holy Ghost means enthusiasm,
the baptism of the Holy Ghost
means power.—General Booth.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S APPOINTMENTS.

Grassville, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th; Sudbourn,
Sept. 10th and 11th; Fergusham, Sept. 12th and 13th;
Thornbury, Sept. 14th; Craighead, Sept. 15th;
Collingwood, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th; Midland, Sept.
19th and 20th; Colchester, Sept. 21st; Orillia, Sept.
22nd and 23rd; Gravenhurst, Sept. 24th and 25th.

There is only one place where
you can get away from your evil
self, and that is in the fountain of
Christ's blood.—The General.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Captain Creek through West
Ontario Province—Wingham, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th;
Brampton, September 11th and 12th; London, Septem-
ber 12th and 13th; Palmerston, September 15th, 16th
and 17th.

Souls! Souls! Every day—
everywhere—in season and out
of season. Oward! reckless
of consequences in the follow-
ing of Christ.—The General.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Lieutenant Fugh,
G. B. M. A.—Amherst, September 8th, 9th and 10th;
Sackville, September 11th and 12th.

If we secure His favor kneel-
ing at His feet, can we retain
it without following where
those feet shall lead.—General.

Beneath God's Canopy.

YOU OUGHT TO BE THERE!

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Great Camp Meetings led by Provincial Staff, as
follows—Stoneyville, August 24th to Sept. 9th. All
Candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Bar-
ritt or the other Officer in charge. This will greatly
help your case.

There are think-so Christians, and there
are hope-so Christians, and there are know-
so Christians. Thank God we belong to
the know-so people.—The General.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S TOUR.

Cornwall, Sept. 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Montreal, Sept.
12th; Richmond, Sept. 13th, 14th and 15th; Bedford,
Sept. 11th and 12th; Penetanguishene, Sept. 13th and 14th;
Waterloo, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th; Kewilton, Sept.
18th and 19th; Brantford, Sept. 20th and 21st;
Oshkosh, Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Stanstead,
Sept. 25th and 26th; Collingwood, Sept. 27th; Sher-
brooke, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th; Montreal, Gen-
eral's visit, Oct. 6th.

Work Wanted.—Will any employers of labor
who give work, apply to the Provincial Staff, at
Stoneyville, or to the Adjutant General, at
Stoneyville, or to the Adjutant General, at Stoneyville.

Brigadier De Barville's Wanderings and Victories.

A NOVEL COLLECTION.

"The life of a Provincial officer is a very busy one. There are some to see the first and foremost of all. For hundreds have to be sent back to the ways of the world and to the arms, and God's Kingdom is to be advanced. Now it is a business that needs to be advanced, and there is little money to do it with; new candidates are interviewing; then the singing troops need their long armoured; we must not forget the first troops that have many more souls during the last few weeks; meetings for officers and soldiers have to be conducted, debts to meet and maintain, and the life of our country is a very busy one.

"We are inclined to think that a Provincial officer should be able to do anything from trying a horse to hold a lance, and get dinner served. Well, on the war, and our blessed Army is more than ever a source of joy, happy activity. *Salvage!*"—*Copied from a private letter.*

The Brigadier was at Uxbridge. Ensign Myler, the D.O. is all alive, he is taking the corps in his District, having the Harvest Supper at various places on different nights; this will help him to get around; his right hand man, Lieutenant Overick, is well able to hold the fort at Uxbridge.

A hurried cup of tea (no milk and water) and we are on the main street in a jiff, driving out the offer of God's mercy and salvation. Straight truth right from the shoulder, conviction all round, away we go, the Brigadier having taken up the collection, visiting all the stores for it. A fair crowd as a little notice was there, and dinner was served at the end of the line. We were almost surrounded, and came to the officers' quarters next morning, however, we don't believe in any other way than

The Penitent-Farm and a Public Confession.

"as that we hope our comrades are this, has come boldly out, given up his sin and got right. The Ensign has got a new horse, 'a dipper,' and has got him cheap; you want a good horse Ensign Myler is the man to get for you, try him. The Ensign is a noted early riser, and has recently got through a pile of work when most boys are rubbing their eyes. We went up right sharp the next morning, and saw to see the Camp ground for the coming meeting, just the place, near the town plenty of water, a good gateway, well fenced around, so our faith is high for a night time.

The Sunday previous they had a great crowd at the funeral of one of the truest soldiers, she was only

21 Years of Age, "Shiner, Got You Ready, Your Time will Come at Last."

A hurried run to memos. The soldiers here are very kind, plenty of food is sent to the quarters, they have a good plan, i.e., to send in turns, and added the Lieutenant, if we run short all we have to do is to ask. If the staff I saw is any sample of the kindness of our friends, then God bless them.

A few hours more and we were in Fensale Falls. Seated in the bus with a good deal of baggage, we explored the form of our Camp Captain with a couple of his gang and their old friend (and mine) the big drum. Next on the way was Ensign Ayres, and just as we arrived at the hills, we drove the Singing Troupe, God bless them, they are a brave group, they had ridden for miles and miles in the hot burning sun. Mrs. Turner and her baby has stuck at it like a true Canadian, and their path has been one of God-given victory. The first news I had was of souls saved, victories won, and faith for the future.

Our first Camp Meeting at Fensale Falls is hard to describe in type; my soul just ran over for joy. The large tent was packed to the doors. Song followed song, then came a burning appeal, and then a real red-hot prayer meeting brought out the first penitents, which proved to be the fore-runners of a good number more; glory be to God. Is it not beautiful to see men saved? I am sick of meetings without souls, and so-called demonstrations; we want souls crying for mercy, not just nice singing, pleasing the ear of the folks and having them in their sins; no, let us go for souls, and sure enough we shall get them for God lives—bless Him.

Sunday was a glorious day of Victory. Our comrades there believe in starting the day's fighting at seven in the morning, and not after the dinner hour. We must have done, once for all, with that warfare that starts at two in the afternoon. Go in for the day.

How those soldiers can fight, to be sure. There they were from Norland, Coblenk, and others; I don't know who went in the last fight, but all that I know is that they are not no mistake. God bless them all the time.

What a pack we had, to be sure. There they came, a great crowd of attentive listeners, and, glory to God, we made some more captives.

Ensign Ayres and Mrs. Phillips did splendid service; they are two true warriors. 'Tis a pleasure to have such comrades in battle. Captains Green and Huxtable were there every time, and he has a gang of soldiers that stuck to their knees for an hour at a time.

Ensign Ayres has seen and visited all the corps in his district about the HARVEST FESTIVAL; they will do well and are in good trim. Look out for their totals.

I saw quite a host of likely candidates; there are more to follow. I shall hear from them when they have got the victory. Now, Captains Huxtable, I want you to send me a lot of folks during your stay at the Falls, and as many more as you can.

The Falls has a good M.D. in Dr. Wilson. He has always been kind enough to look after all our officers free of charge. If over I need a doctor within eight of the Falls I shall give the worthy doctor a call. God will send him for his kindness.

At six Monday morning I left my kind host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Selinger). They have always been kind to Army folks, and were kindness itself during my short and happy stay with them. God will reward them.

I must confess that one of the happiest days of my life was that Sunday spent with my dear comrades at the Falls.

Pray my dear officers, soldiers, friends, one and all for a mighty outpouring of God's spirit upon us, and that thousands of souls shall be brought to God now and here. All who will my Amen for a volley.

Camp Meetings on Zion's Hill.

We turned our steps towards Wells' Hill on Sunday last full of faith and hope. These camp meetings were not, as heretofore, a united demonstration, but belonged exclusively to the Lippincott corps, and a few others.

Our leaders were Major Fry, Adjutant Miller, and Ensign Phillips. The Headquarters staff also took their aid.

The bellows meeting was a helpful time. What with the interesting address by "Foggywater," the solid truth conveyed by the songs, and the earnest and pointed story of the "sinner's device," the meeting was all that could be desired.

In our afternoon meeting following the march around the grounds, Monsieur Atwill sang a French song. Wilhelm Horn represented the Fatherland in song. Ensign Miller sang a "Hick" song. "Cromwell" so was possible to him. Mrs. Miller sang very sweetly. The only disappointment experienced in this meeting was that many singers, professional and otherwise, did not take part, notably Captain Griffiths.

How to represent faithfully the night meeting. Mr. Editor, is certainly beyond your humble correspondent's ability. To say we had a wonderful time, that God in conviction came very near, would be but a poor description. The commencement was good and touching. The real salvation talk by Ensign Horn, Captain Edgemoor, the Bible-reading by Ensign Phillips were excellent. The religious meeting was seen in the great case of sinners, and a proper volunteer. Oh, for more of these ones!

Monday night we did well; a nice crowd of people attending; followed on Tuesday by just as good a time and bigger crowd.

We are going to have a mighty time on Sunday; so says our faith. Friends are brighter.

He that negotiates between God and man as God's ambassador, the grand concerns Of judgment and of mercy, should beware Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;

To break a jest, when pity would inspire Pathetic exhortation; and address The skittish fancy with facetious tales When sent with God's commission to the heart!

—Cotepor.

Six years ago the inhabitants of some northern colonies determined to destroy all the jugs because they did some harm to the corn, but they found that the worms the jugs had been killing had done some harm: that they even seemed to kill the jugs. In like manner it was resolved in Sweden to kill all the crows, but this was followed by a plague of worms and caterpillars that soon stopped the killing of the crows. In one country the poor sparrow was so persecuted that the great (their food) was not multiplied so that the people could not cultivate the soil and had to leave it uncultivated. God has so many means that there is enough and to spare for all.



SALOON-KEEPER.—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself coming here selling your papers and trying to beat the little boys who sell their papers here out of a living, when, perhaps, their mothers are depending upon them."

Query. Which is the worst, to sell liquor that damns, or to sell papers that save?

Crowd in saloon. Enter young man offering Cigarettes. Boy begins to crowd round, jostle, and make fun. Saloon-keeper walks round, and says:—"Stop that!" effectually quelling any movement to interfere with Salvationism. A little later he enters into conversation with latter, who confesses to having at one time been a Sunday school superintendent, but, tired to reform, he was now but an idle dreamer, which had done him no good.

Wrack of former years, let high and dry on the meads of time.

Entered saloon. Bar-tender said:—"You have come on your face." A handkerchief was handed from over the bar; emerald round, but not to seem so, took the same, kept eyes open, smelt ditto, and detected change in time otherwise might have rolled out of saloon doors.

Handkerchief on doves and wine as serpents when attacking the devil's domain, is the motto.

Entered saloon. Car-roller tackled at once by knots of men who riddle him with questions, some possible, others utterly impossible. Discouraged somewhat, he leaves; but, as heavily overladen he walks away, a hand is laid upon his shoulder. Turning round, a tall, dark man begins to pour out his story. Five years ago meeting soldiers in various places this night he was in a saloon trying to drive conviction away when the entrance of the Car-roller gave him encouragement to hope once again, and that night he climbed to the rock of safety and salvation.

Entered at door of saloon, came face to face with backslider; recognized, he turned on his heel and went, without uttering a word, into the street. Asked afterwards why he had not spoken, he confessed he was so ashamed of being caught he could not speak.

What will be the experience of the sinner when faced with the recording angel's diary on the Judgment Day?

Visiting one day I was tackled by an editor, who in soothing tones began to deride religion as a superstition, to which we were bowing to, when I was relieved somewhat by an older man, standing by, who, although not a saved man himself, did not seem to be one himself. He debated the subject as I listened, but when tackled as to whether he was right, found he was on the same track to hell as the editor, the difference being that one was openly defiant and neglectful of God, the other cowardly so, but without brains face. He then, with his Master's will and death it shall be beaten with many stripes."

A LITTLE GIRL'S HORRIBLE DEATH.—Anderson, Ind. Public indignation is at the lynching point over the sudden and horrible death of little Tillie Sobers, the fourteen-year-old servant, who made a fatal parachute leap from her balcony at Red Men's picnic yesterday afternoon. When she left the balcony with the parachute, she dropped about 100 feet before the latter opened. This was done in the careless manner in which the parachute had been fastened. When it did open, however, her fall was checked so quickly that she had no hold on the trapeze. The life-saver, which she had fastened about her waist, held her, but this, it has since been found, was rotten, and broke. She came down like a rock, striking squarely on her feet, and breaking half the bones in her body. She was dead, however, before she struck the ground before the tragedy occurred, about two hours before the picnic. The leap, she became fearful of the consequences, and refused to go up. Her manager gave her some liquor to brace up her nerves. She at length consented to make the ascent, but when she left the ground she was under the influence of liquor, and totally unfit to go up, but Morgan showed her how on the balloon came down it was hurriedly wrapped up and hoisted away. These were supposed to examine the ropes of the balloon before it went up, pronounced them rotten, and the manager will be arrested upon the charge of criminal negligence, and also of murdering the girl.

OUR DAILY PORTION.

Generosity and economy are both taught by the Lord.

He fed thousands, and yet commanded the fragments to be gathered up.

Our object, O Phil. iii. 8.

Our glory, O Rom. v.

Our forgiveness, O Phil. ii. 7.

ESCHOL.

Our peace, O Rom. v. 1.
Our blessing, O Eph. i. 2.
Our joy, O 1 Cor. xii. 12.
Our justification, O Rom. iii. 24.
Our home, O John xiv. 2.
Our object, O Phil. iii. 8.
Our glory, O Rom. v.
Our forgiveness, O Phil. ii. 7.

September 8th.—Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. xii. 1.

September 9th.—Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—MATT. xxvi. 41.

September 10th.—Glorify God in your body and in your spirit.—I Cor. vi. 30.

September 11th.—Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Col. iv. 2.

September 12th.—I press towards the mark for the prize.—PHIL. iii. 14.

September 13th.—Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.—Col. iv. 6.

September 14th.—I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge.—PHIL. iii. 8.

Verona, B.C., in Total Darkness.

Since last report we have been having some real outlying experiences. Last week, from Monday to Saturday eve, we rode the distance of two hundred and forty miles, visiting people along the way. Amongst other events of the trip, we visited a comrade who had not seen an officer or uniformed soldier for two years. The question is often asked, Do our converts stand? To all such I would say, pay this comrade a visit. Poor lad, he was surprised to see me; he is so isolated that he has no idea of meetings, and he seldom sees a Christian, but he is a true man to the precious promises of Jesus, "I will be with you even unto the end."

Far away on a mountain trail we came across a poor old man who had never seen the Army before, and at night mistook me for one of the King's red coats, and was wonderfully surprised when we introduced the King's business, and started talking to him about his soul. Said he had never been tackled like that before to the question, "How is it with your soul?" His answer was a repetition of the answer and ideas of a great many of our dear old British Columbian miners and ranchmen.

"Oh, I guess I am all right; I never killed anyone, or stole, or did anything very bad, and I always try to do to others as I would be done by. I think that is the best we can do; if I do this I shall stand a pretty good show."

This is the general idea of religion held by the great mass of British Columbia, and they certainly do, in the rough way, do a very great extent carry out this doctrine. Of course, they don't consider it a sin to drink, or even gamble, or use to some extent profane language; but, as a rule, they are very honest and straightforward in their dealings with one another. They will not defraud or cheat, and yet seldom have a quarrel amongst them, and they will seldom allow one another to want in any way, yet they are almost in total darkness of the real religion of Jesus Christ. While acting in a sense squarely with the world, they destroy their own bodies and souls by drink and dissipation, and leave God almost entirely out of the question.

The dear old man I have just been speaking of, was no exception to the rule, but when questioned about his soul and his hope for eternity, answered as above, adding a little profanity now and then by way of his own way of salvation through Jesus, but he did leave him at that, saying that God might bless my conversation to his soul. It is not likely I shall ever see him again, but how I do hope he may find his way to Jesus. I do wish we could do more of this real out-riding.

OUR NON-MORAL VOLUNTEERS FOR THIS WORK! Consider, our men are doing—fettering away your time as soldiers in a corps, when they can go along as well without you, when this great field of labor is ripe unto harvest, and there are dear souls going down to the pit, while you stand quietly by and do nothing! IT IS OUR PLACE AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES TO HAVE AN ARGUMENT ALONG. It is a shame to think that they have been so shodden a great deal of the work that has been done, just because you won't stir up and do what God wants you to. Who will venture to follow Jesus all the way? Yours is